in the New Device.

which as rentered to the regrees or

Beparture in Troopers Accounter-

vice of the improved magazine carbine.

but the new carbine scabbard has been ap-

proved by Gen. Flagler, chief of ordnance

of the United States army, and as rapidly

as the new scabbards can be manufactured

Immediately on the adoption of the mag-

azine carbines for cavalry service, steps

were taken by the ordnance department

of the army to supply a more perfect

means of carrying and protecting the new

arm. The old boot permitted more or less

motion of the arm, which, in long and hur-

ried marches, became quite annoying to both horse and rider. The barrel and stock were also exposed to the weather. The new scabbard, which is of thick har-

ness leather, thoroughly protects the car-bine to the "small of the stock," and per-

mits easy insertion or withdrawal. It can

be suspended from either side of the sad-

The front suspension strap passes around

the scabbard and through two loops, ther

through a ring in the front saddle bar and over in front of the pommel to another ring on the other side. The rear suspension

strap passes through a ring riveted in the seam of the scabbard, eighteen inches from

the lower end, and is fastened to a ring at

the back part of the cantle.

When in position, with the trooper mounted, the small part of the scabbard passes under the hollow of the leg just be-

low the knee, and thus, without discomfort to the rider, the whole is securely held in

position, without annoyance or fatigue

from the constant motion so troublesom with the old method.

The cavalry service has from time to time experimented with various forms of this scabbard, and it has always found

favor with the trooper in hard service. I

will doubtless be made a rule that on dis-

mounting for any purpose the trooper at once remove the carbine from the scab-

bard, so that when separated from his mount he will still be completely equipped

of the most picturesque, cumbersome and

oath-producing accounterments of the mounted arm of the service will have gone out of existence. The boot looked very bus-

iness-like, as it was carried slung down the side of the saddle or from the shoulder of

the fully equipped cavairyman, but to those who were obliged to use it it was a con-

stant source of annoyance and of positive danger in action, in that it was not only

fastened to the saddle of the horse, but to

the rider as well, and many a brave fellow owes his death to the fact that, being

slightly wounded, he fell from his horse, and was dragged to his death because of his inability to free himself from the

boot." For the same reason, if the horse

also, and if he escaped injury he ran an ex-cellent chance of being run down by some

of his charging comrades, or having his brains kicked out by his wounded horse.

This, however, will in the future be avoided, and the trooper will be in no danger of going down with his mount.

Prince of Wales' Cast-Off Clothing.

As the Prince of Wales has set the pac

in matters of fashion for many years past

it is something of interest to know how his

purchases are made. According to one of

the British papers, the prince never orders

for each of which he pays the uniform

less than eight suits of clothes at a time.

price of \$40. He never wears a pair of

trousers more than four times, and since

his valet does not fall heir to his wardrobe.

and as his discarded clothes are not among

the perquisites of his valet, there is a stock of thousands of them at Marlborough

ouse. At his death he will doubtless have

which, for some reason, are kept at Sand-

ringham—are stored at Marlborough house in what is known as the "brushing rooms,"

for \$20,000; so that his entire wardrobe must represent a very comfortable for-

There Are Other Ways.

When walking against

With the wind.

No wind.

London Letter.

tune.

From Fliegende Blatter.

were shot and fell, the rider had to fall

and prepared for any emergency.

they will be furnished to the troopers.

ments over Which Experts

AvesEnthusiantie. to mitting

"The first brown-stone front houses built in this city," observed a stone mason, "are on C street between 3d and 41/2 streets northwest. They look as well today, as far as their fronts are concerned, as they did when built, nearly fifty years ago. One of them was built for Dr. May, the surgeon, and the other for the late Dennis Murphy, who was for so many years the official reporter of the Senate. One of the houses is now the home of the Saen-These houses do not attract much attention these days, but there was a time when people flocked to look at them. The stone work was unusually good, as is evidenced by their condition today. novelty of a stone front was very catchy and though there were plenty of brown-stone fronts in New York, Philadelphia and Boston there were none here until these houses were built. The brown stone front, however, soon ran its term, and though they were exceedingly fashionable in their time fashion changed in ten or fifteen years. There have been no brown stone fronts built for many years in this, or, indeed, any other cities. Like the French roofs of twenty-five years ago,

"People are frequently on the look out for short loads of coal," remarked a dealer, "but they seldom find any. The fact is, dealers are very careful in sending out each and every ton of coal to be sure that there is the proper weight. The risk of being caught with a short load is too much for any one with sense to run, for if the police found a short ton of coal on any cart it would seriously injure the business of the yard which sent it out. Though the public seldom get on to it there are Though many cases where sawed and split wood is sent out where the proper quantity is not put in the carts.

there are now none so poor as to do them

"In this, however, dealers are not directly to blame, for they leave the filling of the carts to the yard men. Some men can load a cart and to the inexperienced eye it is full, when the real fact is it is often from one-third to one-fifth short. Of course dealers have to be careful in this respect, where the wood is for their regular customers, who are in the habit of buying regularly the same amount and who expect it to last the usual time. Should it not last the usual time they would readily discover that the wood was not properly packed. An example of this occurs many times a day with the wood hawkers who sell their load of 'country wood' for \$1.

"They pay us for the load from sixty to seventy cents. They pack it in their wag-ons so as to make it appear that it is a Those who buy find out the They also find out that the load is packed on a lot of rubbish, bags, etc. There are but few real countrymen selling wood on the streets, and they, as a rule only do so during the winter months All the others are fakirs, pure and simple. The same people who willingly pay them \$1 a load for sawed and split wood would kick like steers if we sent them such a trifling amount of wood for the same

"There is not as much money in street music as there was some years ago," said a street organ-plane player, "but if a man has a good route he can manage to make a living-that is, if he works ten hours each day and works hard. Alice, Ben Bolt, is the best received tune, though there are other favorites. Work as hard as we can we have trouble to pick up \$1.50 per day. We will have to be sat-Work isfied with that, however, for a while. Street music will do better after the elections. I own the piano I play, but the most street players do not. They rent them and pay all the way from 25 cents to 75 cents per day. Does music pay one cent a tune? No, indeed. That used to be the rule, but now we are glad if we can get a penny for every three tunes." can get a penny for every three tunes."

* * * * *

"There are a number of stories in circula-

tion going to show why the Executive Mansion was called the White House, and by whom it was first called such," said a local historian, "but I think the best evidence tends to give that credit to James Madison, who was the fourth President and who was driven out of the Executive Mansion when the British burned it in 1814. The Executive Mansion is built of free stone, which was quarried down on the Potomac river. The Capitol proper was constructed out of the same stone, though, of course, the wings for the Senate and House of Representatives are built of marble, with granite foun-At the time the British burned the Execu-

five Mansion they did a lot of other damage, and the country was pressed for money to repair the same. The walls of the man-sion were but little damaged, other than being blackened by smoke. As I said, money was scarce, and Congress made an appropriation to have the outside of the house painted. White was selected as the best color. The Capitol was not painted for nearly twenty years afterward. Madison, in a letter to a personal and political friend, wrote, 'Come in and see me any time. will always find me in at the White House."

"The Executive Mansion may have been called the White House before that, but I have never been able to find any record of it. The letter from Madison had an important political bearing and was very extensively circulated. If, therefore, Madison did not officiate at the christening, he certainly took a prominent part in publishing the fact that the White House was forever from that time to be the name of the mansion. Up to that time the Execu-tive Mansion, which is the legal name for it, was generally spoken of as the President's house."

"Birds are extremely nervous in their organization," suggested a well-known raiser and dealer in singing birds, "and those who enjoy their company should not allow themselves to forget it. In nine cases out of every ten, when birds lose their song it is because they have been fright-ened. They are so high strung in the matter of nerves that a fright results in paralysis, which in many cases results per-manently. I don't think there is any cure for it, unless it is to endeavor to assure the bird that it will have better treatment thereaften Persons should never show a stuffed or dead bird to a caged bird.

"Only recently one of my customers had a favorite bird stuffed. It was one of a pair. The stuffed bird was shown to the bird and the result was that the bird died in less than an hour. It simply could not stand the fright. I have known a number of birds to have been frightened out of tacir song by seeing stuffed birds on the hats and bonnets of ladies. Take a frightened bird in your hand and you will see and feel that the pulsations of its heart are very rapid and violent. Heart failure kills many birds, though other causes are blamed for their deaths. When ladies put on their dress hats, especially if they have stuffed birds on them, they should keep away from bird

"The patent office has made many a dollar out of inventers," complained a blacksmith. "So far there have been nearly two hundred patents issued for horseshoes, observed a blacksmith. "Every one of them was supposed to have merit. A large number of them were supposed to be of value for the reason that they could be put on horses by bands or clasps, and thus save time and the expense of horse shoers. Six thousand dollars, therefore, has been paid into the patent office by inventors of horseshoes.

"Not one of these inventions was ever used, and today, as during the past and ever since, horses have been shod. The only shoe that can be put on a horse must be pailed, on by a blacksmith. There is no royal road to wealth, and there is no way to shoe a horse except to nail on the shoe. This \$3,000 is but a small part of the money paid out in connection with patented

* * * * "Though the yards pay us all they prom ize," complained a coal shoveler, "they hold

back 10 cents on every quarter that is paid them. You see it is this way. A man goes to the yard and orders a ton of coal or several tons. He asks that a man be sent with the coal to put it in his cellar or coal house. The dealer promises to do so, and collects 25 cents additional for each ton of coal. This, he says, he will pay the man who puts the coal away. Now, the fact is, the man who puts the coal away gets but 15 cents of that money.

cents of that money.
"The dealer holds on to 10 cents every time. As it will not cost the consumer of the coal any more, it would be a splendid idea for us if buyers of coal would just remem-ber this, and instead of paying 25 cents per ton for us at the coal yard, pay the money to us direct, when they find that we have properly put away the coal and cleaned things up. I would also like to say that the 25 cents per ton for coal means also by common agreement among us that besides putting away the coal, we are to sweep up the pavements and remove as far as possible all evidence that the coal was dumped.'

Speaking of the report that Nansen, the arctic explorer, killed some of his doge and fed them to the other dogs, Commodere Melville of the navy, an authority on arctic matters, says that one dog will not eat another. While his party were in the arctic regions they would kill and skin one of their dogs and try to feed it to the almost famishing dogs, and they would not eat it. The dogs would eat a fox at any time, but they were not race cannibals.

* * * * *
When Lord Russell was at Mount Vernon the story of Lord Coleridge's visit to that historic place was recalled and the brilliant repartee of Secretary Evarts repeated. Lord Coleridge was told, as many another has been, that tradition had it that George Washington had thrown a silver dollar across the Potomac river at that point. His lordship marveled and thought it was scarcely possible, the distance being so great, and expressed the opinion that the feat could not be done now. Secretary Evarts promptly replied: "But you see, my lord, a dollar would go much farther in those days than now." This was repeated all over England, Lord Russell says, and was considered decidedly clever, but it was coupled with another play upon words which traveled all over the kirgdom. Lord Coleridge was telling the story one day, when one of his audi-ters responded that George Washington performed even a greater feat than that of throwing a silver dollar across the river-he had thrown an English sovereign across the Atlantic ocean. Lord Russell said these two stories had traveled all over Great Britain and were considered some of the best ever brought from America.

LOOKING FOR THE TREASURY.

A Man Whose Appearance Did Not Correspond With His Pocket Book. As a Star reporter crossed 12th street the other morning on his way up Pennsylvania avenue, a man, like a hundred men one can see in Washington any day in the week, and who cannot always be detected until they name their play, stopped him. "Excuse me," he said with a half familiar

air, as if he had been used to asking people to excuse him, "but can you tell me where the treasury building is? It was such a relief to the reporter that

he was not to be held up that he softened

"You're going the wrong way," he said;
"it is back up street."
"Well, I'll be dinged," laughed the man, and turned around. "I reckon," he added, 'that you wouldn't mind letting me walk or the same side of the street with you and kind of pipe me off when we get to the joint? I wouldn't know it if I saw it. This was a style not agreeable to the reporter, but he couldn't well refuse a civil request like that.

"Certainly, you may walk on the same side with me," he said, and started walking faster, the man half trotting after him.
"We "I reckon," he said, "there ain't any places along down here where a hungry man could get a bit of victuals, is there? I haven't had a nibble since last night at supper."

The reporter knew it was coming and h wasn't surprised, but he thought to be struck for a whole meal was asking rather much of a stranger, so he hedged. "There's a place up street here two or three blocks where you can get a cup of coffee and a sandwich for a dime," he said

tentatively.
"I've wondered a good many times why it was a man had to go hungry in this world," said the man, "when he could get a filling for a dime or even less. Or go dry when beer was only 5 cents a glass."

This was also to be expected, but the re porter couldn't exactly reconcile the philos

ophy and the beer.
"May be," ventured the reporter, "it is because they haven't the price."
"There may be something in that," he ad mitted with apparent reluctance, and then carefully ran his fingers through his vest pockets as if feeling for last week's salary. "Don't you think that most of those who have such hard luck deserve it?" inquired

the reporter, who felt that if he was going o pay the bill he might as well get some thing for it. "I suppose they do, and still it ain't every poor devil that starves because he ought to," and he hitched his trousers at the belt and made as if he would get a little closer to the reporter. "Have you ever been hunrry?" he asked with a wolfish suddenness. The reporter sighted a lunch place ahead

and got his dime ready.
"Well, no." he said, "I can't say that I well, no. he said, I can't say that I have been that hungry exactly."

"Well, I am right now," laughed the man, "and I'm going straight up here to this hotel and get a \$4 breakfast. Come and go along with me. I guess I've got the price," and he took a roll of bills out of his inside realest three index in diameter. pocket three inches in diameter, and the outside one had a capital C on it, which made the reporter's eyes pop out, so that he forgot all about the dime he had ready.

The reporter thanked him and declined. "Ta, ta, then," he said as he disappeared toward the breakfast. "I reckon that treasury building will stay where it is till I comback, but just the same I'm not going to hurry on that account."

An Adroit Advertisement.

From Pearson's Weekly. He was a mean creature, and to his meanness was added such designing wickedness as is rarely shown by man. He went into a newspaper office the other morning and offered the following advertisement for publication:

"Notice-If the plain-looking woman about forty years of age, who lost a pocket book containing £2 12s. 6d. In S—— street on Tuesday afternoon will apply to —— she can have the money by paying for this advertisement."

The mean wretch had seen the lady drop the pocket book and wished to retain the contents for himself. He was of the opinion that no woman would answer the adsmall a sum as £2 12s. 6d. He was correct.



The Teutonsemble.-Life.

He had a dispirited air as he leaned over "Uncle Sam's Soldiers Taking Great Comfort the low railings of the back fence and wistfully sniffed the appetizing odor of fried ham that permeated the frosty morning atmosphere around the kitchen. He was a young fellow, slender and with a slouchy stoop to his shoulders. His derby hat was of a faded brown, from exposure to many rains. His flashy, pointed-toe shoes were cracked and run down at the heel. His long, cutaway coat, of cheap black material, was shiny in many places

and frayed at the sleeves. The young man's gaze wandered from the open door of the kitchen, where a fire was crackling briskly in the cook stove, to the outside surroundings. The house was a small frame structure, with a white-washed exterior, the architecture similar to many others that dotted the commons on the city's outskirts. Under the lean-to shed stood a bony old horse, whose stubby hoofs betckened honorable service on a street car line in former days. His present occupation, however, was indicated by the dire

cart beside the stable.
"Well, what d'ye want?" asked a gruff. voice, as the master of the household appeared in the doorway. He was man, and had one arm in a sling. doorway. He was an old "What I'm not likely to get," answered the young fellow, "and that is, a piece of the ham I smell a-cooking."

"Well, I'm not goin' around offerin' the last bit of mate in the house to sthrangers," said the householder.
"Airah, don't be hard on the bye, Dinnis," put in the piping voice of a little old woman who appeared at the door behind her husband. "Sure, the lad looks hungry

enough to ask him to share the bite and soup, if it is the lasht in the house."

"It's de true word you spoke, granny," said the young fellow, "for I'm dat hungry it would take a team of mules to pull me away from de smell of dat ham," and with-out more ado he shambled into the kitchen. He eyed ravenously the savory meat that the old woman was transferring from the frying pan to a dish on the table and took at a glance the loaf of baker's bread and the pot of black coffee that was to furnish the meal.
"Sit down, thin, and welcome to yez," sald

the old man, "if it's as bad as that. Sure, it's me own bye Danny, the omadhoun, who may be lacking his breakfast the day and it's not me that would deny the bit



and sup to any moth-At the mention of Danny the old woman plumped into a chair, and, throwing her apron over her head, rocked to and "Oh, wirra, wirra,

sorras the day the young divil ran away his ould mother's

"Yis, and left his ould daddy to starve could no longer drive the cart, added the father. "Me man broke his arm a week ago com-Friday," put in the old woman, emerging from her grief and wiping her eyes upon her apron. "He can't drive the cart and there's not a dollar bechune us and

noor house, the day."
"And that's no lie, nayther," added the old man. "By the same token, me lad, I'll enjoy the last bit of mate in the house if ou will cut it up, for you have two airms

The stranger made short work of cutting the ham, and when he had chopped the old man's piece into bits small enough for him poise delicately upon the end of knife and thus shovel them safely into his mouth, attacked his own portion with avidity. "Be me sowl; look at the bye ate," said the old lady, raising her hands in as tonishment. "Whist, lad; is it stairved yez

'Well, say; I'm not sufferin' from de gout, seein' as dis is de first hot meal I've

had fer two days.' "More's the shame to ye," said the old man. "Why don't yez go to worruk and earn a livin' like a

'Well. I just guess I'm no better nor worse than your boy, Danny; furdermore, I t'ink you are abusin de laws of hospitality by invitin' me to feed and den abusin' me for not payin' me way," said the young fellow, in an aggrieved tone.
"It's the true worrud I'm spakin', and I

only hope me bye Danny is gittin' the same the day. Sure, nayther of ye would be the worse for a bit of good advice." The young fellow seemed abashed by the eproof, and hung his head in a shamefaced manner.

"Musha, niver mind," put in the wife,
"it's welcome yez are to the bit and sup, onyhow. Byes will be byes."
"Well, say," remarked the guest, pushing
his chair away from the table, "youse peohis chair away from the table, "youse people is de right kind, and you gets close to me heart. Say, w'ats de matter wid me drivin' the cart and payin' fer me breakfast? Besides, a day's work would buy breakfast for t'ree or four days."

The two old people boked at him as if incredulous for a minute, and then surrounded him and each selzed a hand.
"Shure, it's the good heart ve have under

"Shure, it's the good heart ye have under your jacket, me bye," said the old man, will de tears stood in his eyes; "and if you will do that thing, you will save two honest people from the poorhouse."



"Dat's all about me heart." said the young fellow. "It's none too needn't give me any jolly on dat score Let de old man chas up to town wid me and I'll load and undrive it. w'ile de old man can sit on de seat and show me de way, for I'm a dead tranger in dis

Behind the smoke canopy overhanging when seen through a glass, darkly. Down the unpaved road, the extension of the city street, a cart came rumbling and rattling the old horse doing his best as he sighted

"Praise the saints, it's worruk they got, and are coming home," said the old woman, standing in the doorway of the house. "I'll give the fire another turn, for the will have supper to cook, or I'm mistaken."
"Out wid you, daddy," said the youn fellow, as the cart stopped in the yard and he helped the old man to alight. "You carry in de ham wid your good arm and I'll bring up de rear wid de rest of de t'ings. Granny won't do a t'ing but t'ink an angel has struck de place when she sees de pork chops. I'll give de horse one good feed of hay, too, if he busts for it."
"Arrah, it's the foine lad he is, intoirely," said the old man, when the supper had

been cleared away, and they sat around the kitchen stove. "I took him up to Mr. Brogan, the conthractor, who gave us a job at \$2 the day for haulin' dirt as long as me horse and cairt hold out. Thin he wint around to Brady, the grocer, and gave what he called song and dance, tuce Mr. Brady to let

us have what we want until pay day, the bye sthandin' good for the same." "Yes, and that ain't all," added the yours fellow, "wid your leave and me own pleasure, I'll drive de cart till his arm is well and bring you \$1.75 out of de \$2 a day, wid me board and keep t'rown in. Is it a go?" "Dinnis Murphy," said the old lady sol-emnly, to her husband, "go down on your knees and thank the saints, who have sint you a staff for your ould age and kept the wolf from the dure, for, plaze the Lord, it's a home that lad will have undher this roof as long as he will stay.

It was a Bangor (Me.) philosopher who summed up a church fair in these terms: "A church fair is a place where we spend more money than we can afford for things we do not want, in order to please people whom we do not like, and to help the heathen, who are happier than we are."

THE ANGEL UNAWARES CAVALARY SCABBARD IN HOTEL CORRIDORS ART AND ARTISTS

"I don't go deer hunting any more," said R. C. Burkitt of Ottawa, Ill., at the Shoreham. "Judge Caton has a number of tame deer, including several species, in his park near my home. Several ran away from the park and, not being captured, found their way to the 'starved rocks,' as they are termed, a few miles down the Illinois river. Here they bred until 'Deer Park,' once fa-mous for deer, has again become a hunting ground for them. I went to the place and the man who lives at the entrance to the little gorge, in reply to a question, The days of sthe time-honored carbine stated that he had seen two fawns on the other side of a small stream that flows through the park. I cautiously crept through the woods and was soon rewarded by seeing the transfer of the state of the boot, so long wern by the troopers of the United States cavalry, are numbered. Its place is shortly to be taken by the more modern carbinet scabbard, a step made by seeing the two fawns lying in the shade near a spring. I had a repeating rifle, and two shots killed both creatures. necessary by the introduction into the ser-Then the owner of the place appeared and I settled for two registered Jersey calves on Changes, however advantageous to the a basis of \$100 each. Even after they were service, come slowly in the regular army,

dead, they looked enough like fawns to be

"I have heard many stories about the

nistaken for them."

lack of cleanliness of the eccentric preacher and politician, Henry Clay Dean, who served in Congress from my state," said C. T. Abone of Des Moines at the Arlington, but the best was related to me a short time ago by a man who knew him well and who vouched for the truth of it. Dean went to Iowa in the early days of that state and settled on a small farm. The first year he raised a considerable quantity of oats and assisted in cutting and placing them in his barn. After the oats had been disposed of Dean started to dig a well, a task that occupied two or three weeks, owing to its caving in before he completed it, nearly burying the orator. Some time after the well was finished, he complained of neadsche, a trouble he seldom had. In a week or two after the headaches started they became so severe that he called upon a phy-sician and was given medicine which did no good. Another visit resulted, and the doctor concluded to examine the head and see where the trouble lay. 'Mr. Dean, go and have it mowed, was his comment. The dirt from the well had fallen upon oats, and the result was a good crop starting in the un-kempt hair of the preacher. He had the hair cut, the only time, it is said, that he allowed such an operation after he was

"The Natural bridge of Virginia has always been regarded as a great wonder, and fustly so." said E. R. Paine of Bozeman. Mont., at the Howard, "but there is a far greater one in Idaho near the Bay Horse mine, which is known to very few people, and they have never paid any attention to it, except to make some exclamation of wonder when they first saw it. There is a turnel through a granite mountain. The tunnel is a little over a mile long, is wide enough for a double track railroad to pass through, and is straight. The walls of this natural tunnel are nearly as even as they would have been had it been blazted through by men. Of course, it has been formed by erosion, but how is a mystery. Scientific men can explain it, just as they can explain any cave that has an entrance at either end, but it does not satisfy those who see it. If a railroad should ever be built through that country the natural tunnel will be found exceedingly useful."

"Mexico is being cited in so many different ways and so contradictorily by politicians," said C. R. Shields of Monterey at Willard's, "that it seems to me some one ought to write a series of popular articles on affairs as they actually exist in Mexico. The fact is that there is no possible way of making accurate comparisons between Mexico and the United States, conditions are so very different that there is no point where comparisons can begin. Mexico is in a state of evolution. The natives, except in the cities and a few leading country families, are no more civilized than the American Indians were fifty rears ago. Yet a high state of civilization xists there among the higher class of Mexicans. I employ men as low as \$5 a month and they are scarcely worth that, while I have men whom I pay \$10 a day and could not replace for less. It is a country where changes are very slow, and it will be many years before conditions be-come different in the mountain regions of Mexico."

"I have seen discussions pro and as to whether there are any rattlesnake dens," said A. P. Cobb of Wheeling at the Ebbitt. "I do not know whether or not rattlesnakes as a rule hibernate together and form communities in dens, but I saw one of these dens once, and I will never as large a collection as did King George IV., the auction of whose clothes extended through three weeks. All the prince's clothes, old and new—except his hats, erget it er doubt that such things exist I have been in a good many places infested with rattlesnakes and never located reliably but one den, although I have heard of others, hence I do not think they are of others, hence I do not think they are common or that the snakes usually live in that manner. The den I speak of is in Leslie county, Kentucky, twelve miles north of Hyden, the county seat, in as wild a country as could be found in a year's travel. I was traveling on horse-back, when my horse stopped, trembling in every nerve. I could not urge him forward, and dismounting was nearly overwhere several men are kept busy looking after them. The uniforms and state robes alone at Marlborough house are insured ward, and, dismourting, was nearly over come with a peculiar sickening odor. Look ing into a 'rock herse' or shallow cave saw innumerable snakes, twisting and squirming. I turned the horse around How Baron Sparrenfels, not being allowed and went another road, contented to know to smoke by his physician, enjoys his cigar the den was really there without investi-gating any further."

"Color blindness is on the increase," said Dr. D. L Bliss of New York at the Metropolitan. "The causes of this defect in vision that may be otherwise perfect are not all very well understood. It would seem that the use of tobacco had a good deal to do with it. I have examined a great many for color blindness, having on everal occasions been employed by railroad companies to do so, and in every in-stance where the man examined was found to be color blind he was a user of tobacco. Women are seldom afflicted in this way, hence it must be caused by something that men do which women do not. What cases exist among women will be found to be inherited from male ancestors. I have never known a woman to be color blind whose father was free from the defect am a smoker and my perceptions of color are unusually good, so that it is not impossible that a man may use tobacco without such an effect, but I believe a large proportion of the cases are caused by tobac-

"I notice that the people in the cities are fond of white daisies, and they are very pretty," said L. B. Brown, a farmer of Bucyrus, Ohio, at the St. James; "but with the exception of thirtles they are the worst pests a farmer has to deal with. Dandelions come early, are good to eat, and for medicine; thisties, although a great nui-sance, are not so generally scattered; morning glories, while exasperating, are not so plentiful. White daisies are fit for nothing but decorating purposes; they grow everywhere, they cannot be killed out and when cut with hay they ruin it. They were imported here from Germany and are about as disastrous an importation as the sparrows from England. There are sections where thousands of acres of land, formerly used for hay, have been rendered useless for that crop, and the daisies have to be fought for all other crops. Near large cities the daisies can be made a source of profit, but in the country they are such a nuisance that their beauty is not taken into account."

It is Not Smoke. From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

It has been proved that the incandescent electric lamp does not "smoke" :he celling, as has been claimed, but that the smoky effect is due to dust. The heat o the lamp naturally causes a current of air to arise, and the consequence is that there is more dust deposited on the ceiling above the lamp than anywhere else. ---

An Instantaneous Portrait. From Comic Cuts.

Younghusband, as she reached home from town the other evening. "What's the matter?" asked her hu

"Been having baby's portrait taken. They have a way of taking them instantaneously now, you know." w long were you at it?" "Three hours and a half."

From the Boston Transcript.

Judge-"What excuse have you to offer for not desiring to serve upon the panel?" Talesman-"Your honor, I think-" Judge-"Your excuse is quite satisfac-tory. You can go."

A.Good Excuse.

A PRACTICAL AERONAUT

Monday the students of the Corcoran Art There had been somewhat of a discussion School will enter upon another year of going on about the counter of the hotel on study, and take up their work where they the subject of flying machines, and as it left it in June. The night class will not dwindled down to a final point, and the be opened until a month later, but all the discussers scattered, a very intelligent listener in the company moved off toward a corner with The Star reporter and talked to him as if he had something he wanted and the school will probably be rather to tell. crowded during the winter. If all goes "You are a reporter, I understand," said

well, however, Prof. Andrews hopes to see the man. The reporter didn't deny it, being caught his pupils installed in their commodious

quarters in the new gallery before the year

find few if any changes in the workings of the school. Miss Cook will have this year

the same classes as heretofore, and Mr.

Robert Hinckley will have charge of the

The Art Students' League also opens

Monday next. Most of the regular workers

are now back in the city, refreshed by their

vacations and ready to resume study with

renewed vigor. With the addition of an-

other department, the class in decorative

and industrial design, the league expects

to attract a number of new pupils, and a

busy winter is looked forward to. This new department, which is under the di-rection of Miss Sallie T. Humphreys, will

not be organized until November. All the students of the league will be glad to know

that Mr. Edmund Clarence Messer is again among the instructors. He is to teach the

women's life class and the afternoon ad-

vanced antique, and is to have joint charge with Mr. Richard N. Brooke of the composi-

tion class, which is held once in two weeks. Mr. Edward Siebert will have the men's

life, the painting class and two of the ad-

the preparatory antique will be under Miss Jennie Wooding, and Miss Bertha E. Per

Mr. Lucien Powell has just returned from

brings back a number of sketches with him.

On his way down to the city he made a

delighted with the abundance of landscape

material to be found in the neighborhood

Another devotee of Warrenton scenery is

Mr. A. B. Griffith, who was there a short

time ago. He went there with no inten-

tion of sketching and totally unprepared,

he could not resist the temptation to bring

Mr. Griffith does a good deal of work in pen and ink, but he is at his best in water

color. He has a well-handled landscape, en-

titled "Noonday," which he intends to send to the exhibit of the Water Color

A number of pictures are now hung at

Veerhoff's and appear to very good ad-

vantage in his recently remodeled gallery.

The gallery has been enlarged and the en-

trance to it is now through a handsome

arch of carved oak. The wood finishings

around the room are all of oak, and the

walls have been covered with the deep rich

red upon which gold frames show up so well. The most important painting there now is a carefully studied subject by J. A.

Oertel, who for some years was a resident of Washington, but now lives in Bel Air,

Md. The subject of the composition is

Charlemagne asleep, waiting for the hour to come when he shall awake and battle

with the anti-Christ. There are in addition

to this canvas a couple of landscapes by

jects with their ever present windmills, but devoted most of her time to interior

views. Several of her studies she painted in water color, as the one showing a girl

knitting by the window, but her most seri-

ous work was done in oil. She painted on

canvas a larger figure of this same girl with her red kerchief and lowland

cap, and arrived at an excellent result

Another interior of hers shows a woman peeling potatoes beside an open door,

through which one sees a sunny glimps of outdoor coloring. The view through

the doorway contrasts strongly with the

cool coloring of the window corner. Best of all her work at Laren is the interior

Miss Cook made of a group of peasants drinking coffee, according to their Dutch

custom. They are seated around a table

he man entirely dark against the square

deep-set wir dow, which gives a meager

light to the room, and the two quaint costumed women, looking still more pictur-

esque in the tempered light. It is a thor

oughly Dutch study and is admirable in

Mr. W H. Chandlee's pen drawing of

Li Hung Chang, bearing the viceroy's own

signature, has been exhibited for a time

at Veerhoff's. Not only is the drawing a

good likeness of the great statesman, but

it is a very artistic piece of work, and in

the handling of the lines resembles a fine

etching. Mr. Chandlee has recently made

very decorative panel as a magazine

illustration for one of his poems, "A Gar-den of Eld." The panel is a quaint bit of

an old-fashioned garden, and is treated in

broad, flat masses. He is now making the

illustrations for a book of his verses which he is going to issue under the title of "With the Winds." The illustrations are

all in a decorative style, vertical panels head pieces and little marginal sketches

Mr. Chandlee has been doing recently a good many black and white studies or

Japarese paper, which gives a very nice quality to the work.

Mr. E. F. Andrew returned on Tuesday

from his stay in Europe. He did no work

while he was abroad, as he went solely on

account of his health. A large part of his

time was spent at Carlsbad, but he visited

his artist friends in other places and en-

joyed some of the many opportunities

or seeing good pictures. Mrs. Andrews has

done some work this summer, and while at Cape May made a number of water colors,

one of these, a marine in rainy weather, being especially good. She expects to be well represented at the exhibit of the

Water Color Club, which she has zeal

ously championed from the first.

light and shade and coloring.

through the leafless woods.

He

away a number of pencil sketches.

Club in December.

vanced antique classes. The scholars

rie will be the instructor in water color.

portrait class.

s very far advanced. The students will

in the act, so to speak.
"Perhaps," the man hesitated, "you might be enough interested in the flying machine to care to listen to something I

have to say on the subject."
"Of course, but before I begin to listen
I want to tell you that I don't believe there will ever be any flying through the air until they have discovered a method to make the air stand still or to move only as gradually as the currents of navigable streams move. Nobody has yet devised a steamboat that will run up the rapids of Niagara, or of the St. Lawrence, or any other similar rapids, and for the same rea-son no vessel will ever be devised to suc-cessfully run in the air except when it is

"I am very nearly of your belief," admitted the man, "and for that reason I have very little to say of flying machines and that kind of reason I have the man of the say of flying machines and that kind of possibly impossible things, but I do believe in aerial navigation to a certain extent, and have a machine that will do it successfully."
"Well," smiled the reporter, "it's so out

of the ordinary for a man who doesn't believe a thing exists to prove its existence by a material example that I'd like to hear "Thanks," bowed the inventor. "As I said, my machine isn't a flying machine,

nor has it any especial speed, but as a freighter it can't be beat. Neither has it got any aluminum hulls, nor aeroplane wings, nor any kite lifters nor any other contraptions like that. It is only a plain the balance. I am somewhat of a chemist, and for a long time I was at work trying to find a gas which had a greater lifting power than the common gas used in balances and as practical his summer's stay at Paxson, Va., and ons and as practical. short stop at Warrenton Springs, and was

"About three months ago I hit upon the thing exactly, and at once loaded my car-rier tank with it. This tank, by the way, is of oiled linen, and of size sufficient to carry a weight of four tons. With my new gas the tank is only three feet deep by five wide and fifteen long, so that it is not at all cumbersome. The gas is generated in a smail retort by the admixture of chemicals, and is much cheaper than the old hydrogen gas. It is introduced into the but was so charmed with what he saw that tank simply by the insertion of a pipe in the tank connected with the retort. "When the tank is full it will raise four plans to go again next summer, and this time he will take his painting kit with him.

tons a distance of two feet from the ground and maintain it there for several hours. At other stages, marked by a gauge, it will carry any amount down to its own weight, according to the amount of gas introduced. Well, when I had it full, as I had it the other day, when I made a trial trip with it, I attached it by the carrier hooks to a four-ton load of stone in a long box, I had made, and let it exert itself, which it did o the extent of raising the load about two feet and a balf from the ground and re maining stationary. Then I hitched a mule to the load and started him to a point a mile away, where they were building a house from the stone which they were get-ting off of my place.

"I may say here that the mule was dis-posed to kick at being attached to any such looking affair, but we coaxed him into a different frame of mind, and in a very few minutes he was trotting along with it, across the fields or along the road, as it happened, and exerting himself not nearly as much as a canal mule would do in lug-ging a canal boat along through the water, for air isn't anything like so dense as water is, nor so hard to pull against."

"When we got to our place of unloading all we had to do was to attach a small windlass to the load and draw it down to

Max Weyl; four very good canvases by R. LeGrand Johnston and several paintings by other artists. One of the pictures by Mr. Johnston is a snow scene, with a flock of sheep coming along a track the ground. We could have done the sam thing by letting the gas escape, but that is more expensive. The weight of a man will easily pull the load down when it is near the capacity of the tank, and by drawing the trace through a staple driven in the ground the mule can always pull the load Miss Lillian Cook has just returned from her trip abroad, where she spent most down so as to release the tank. In returnof her time in visiting the European galing we loaded up with a lot of timber and leries and art schools. When she went to Laren, Holland, the country was so railroad, but a 'back load' isn't always necessary, as the gas can be let out of the icturesque that the impulse to work was tank, until it is simply sufficient to carry the tank and the driver. irresistible, and securing materials she spent two weeks in sketching. During that time she painted several outdoor sub-

"This, however, is not expedient except on trips of several miles. Now, you see how simple my plan is, and I don't claim speed and all that for it. I don't even be-lieve it will be practicable upon railroads, for they are too fast for it, and it would be in danger of being interfered with by the wind. You see, when it is hauled along at a horse's speed the driver can walk by its side and steady it in any except a high wird, so there is no danger in that regard like there would be if it were being hauled along on the rail at forty or fifty miles ar

"I claim for my air vessel," concluded the inventor, "only the simplest and plainest accomplishments, and if it can do them successfully, I take it that it is of more value than all the sky-scrapers which never scrape the sky and soar successfully only in the imaginations of their inven-tors," and the reporter was fully convinced that, as on the earth so in the air, one would better crawl before he essayed to fly.

TRAINED CHAMELEONS.

What a Little Girl Accomplished With Two of These Reptiles.

Much has been written about the beauty, the stupidity and the viciousness of the lizard tribe; and I want to say a word about the intelligence of the chameleon, a little reptile belonging to the great lizard family, and in size the antipodes of the alligator, its big brother.

The incident I now relate came under my personal observation, and demonstrates that the chameleon is susceptible of education and can be ranked with animals classed much higher in the scale of intellectual development.

Miss Herrietta Keene, a little lady of twelve years, living in Philadelphia, was presented with two Florida chameleons, and she at once began instructing and edu-cating her pets. By continued gentleness and kindness she won their confidence, and at her call they would raise their heads, listen and then come running quickly. Soon they responded to their names—Brinton and Baby—and nodded their little heads She ther taught them to stand up on

their hind legs and put their little fore-paws together and stand in the attitude of prayer, looking solemn and closing their eyes; at a signal they would quickly pro trate themselves, roll over on their backs and pretend to be dead, lying without mo tion, until told to rise and embrace, which they would do with every sign of joy and pleasure.

Irish Wit.

From the Westminster Gazette. The well from which Irish stories are drawn is inexhaustible. Here is a good example of Pat's wit and readiness. An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair. "Did you see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked. see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked. "No, sorr. I only heard it," was the evasive reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate, sternly. "Stand down!" The witness turned round to leave the box, and directly his back was turned, he laughed derisively. The magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back, and asked him how he dared to laugh in court. "Did ye see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender. "No. sir; but I heard you," was the irate reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat, quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye. And this time everybody laughed exept the magistrate.

----His Patent Imperiled. From the San Francisco Post.

Attorney Garrett McEnery recently apreared as counsel in a case before a justice of the peace at Suinsun. McEnery found it necessary to make frequent objections to the evidence that opposing counsel was attempting to introduce. The justice, whose first rule of evidence is "every-thing goes," looked first annoyed and then indignant. Finally he could contain him-self no longer and, as a ruling on one of Mr. McEnery's objections, roared:
"Mr. McEnery, what kind of a lawyer are you, anyway?"

"I am a patent lawyer," replied the at-

torney. "Well, all I've got to say is that when the patent expires you will have a hard time getting it renewed. Go on with the



picked up the other day. I'm afraid it'll have to be restored, though."
Flippant Friend—"Why, whom did you sneak it from?"-London Punch.